

FAY COMPTON
IN
"THIS FREEDOM"
AT THE
NEW OXFORD THEATRE
THIS EVENING AT 7.30.
FROM A. S. H. HUTCHINGS' FAMOUS NOVEL
LONDON'S MOST BRILLIANT FILM.

The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

Remember always
OK
SAUCE
is The Real Thing
Family Bottle Now 9d.

No. 2,167. LONDON, SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1923. Two Pence.

1,000 CASUALTIES AT THE CUP FINAL.

MOB OVERRUNS THE GROUND.

BARRIERS STORMED AND PITCH INVADED.

UNPARALLELED SCENES.

200,000 CRUSH INTO SPACE FOR 127,000.

MOUNTED POLICE 40 MINUTES' TUSSLE.

F.A. DISCLAIM RESPONSIBILITY.

Scenes without parallel in the history of football occurred at Wembley Stadium yesterday when mob-law spoiled the match for the Cup between West Ham United and Bolton Wanderers, which the latter won by two clear goals.

Crowds swarmed on to the playing pitch and for some time perfect chaos reigned. It is estimated that about 1,000 people were treated for minor injuries.

Mounted police were sent for, and they had to be used to clear the ground, the players themselves doing their best to persuade the unruly spectators to give them sufficient space to play the game.

Eventually, after wild scenes, the teams managed to begin the match, but even then the crowd persisted in interfering with the play, and at one period the game had to be suspended for 12 minutes while the pitch was again cleared.

Mr. F. J. Wall, Secretary of the F.A., made the following statement: "The F.A. greatly regret the inconveniences caused to the spectators during the match, but can assure the public that the arrangements were not in their hands and that they cannot, therefore, accept responsibility."

By OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

A SCENE of turmoil that has never before been witnessed in the history of English football marked the opening stages of the Cup Final at Wembley yesterday.

The police were utterly helpless to cope with the solid weight of the eager crowd, who thronged around the outer gates of the great Stadium boisterously demanding admittance.

An hour before the time of the kick-off I found myself wedged tightly in the midst of the pack.

Owing to the seemingly slow rate of admission the men began to get out of hand, and suggestions were made to rush the gates, which were protected by a strong cordon of police two or more deep, doing their best to keep the situation in hand by good-natured advice and chaff.

As the rowdiness increased, admission naturally became more difficult, those in the front being crushed against the barriers, and being placed in a position that rendered them helpless. A solid weight of humanity was still crushing forward, as many as 30,000 people all thronging up the slope towards the gates.

Gates Stormed.

Word was then passed that the gates were about to be closed, and as the turnstiles came to a standstill and presented an impenetrable barrier, a body of the crowd directed their attentions

THE RUSH.

- 2 o'clock.—Crowd breaks on to running track and invades playing pitch.
- 2.15.—Playing field completely covered. Police reinforcements arrive.
- 2.30.—10,000 people on the track.
- 2.55.—The King arrives. Crowd sings National Anthem. Mounted police also arrive.
- 3.0.—20,000 on playing area. Mounted police try to clear space.
- 3.10.—Bolton team come out, followed by West Ham.
- 3.20.—Pitch half-cleared.
- 3.30.—Pitch three-parts cleared.
- 3.44.—Match begins.

to the main gates, where the police were vainly endeavouring to preserve order.

With a mighty roar, the men swept through the living barrier of blue, and a moment later all was disorder. Policemen were swept aside, helmets were knocked off, and the human river poured up the hill to the stairs leading to the stands.

Before order could be restored it is estimated that over 30,000 had gained admittance to the ground.

The crowd struck me as being in a particularly frisky mood, and by the time a strong force of police, taken away from another portion of the ground, had arrived, there was a great deal of free-fighting, and many men lost their hats and jackets in the melee.

The intruders, many of whom had come from a great distance to see the game, and who were in high disgust at

any suggestion of being locked outside, rushed straight up to the stands and entrenched themselves in the seats reserved for ticket holders.

It was useless to deny this uncontrollable mob a place. It was a question of might and force. Strenuous efforts were made to clear the seats for those entitled to them, but in the end might was victorious.

Fight for Positions.

The order was passed round, "Sit where you can," and for a few moments men fought with their neighbours for a position. Meanwhile, more and more people were surging in from behind. The steps represented a string of struggling, grasping men, each attempting to clamber over the back of his neighbour, and those who reached the top immediately dived down the terraces, forcing their weight on others in front.

The result was inevitable. Those who had come early and obtained positions near the rails were crushed against the supports until the situation became unbearable.

One by one they fell fainting, or clambered over to the front and sat on the greenward. Still the tremendous pressure, still spectators arriving in their hundreds and thousands.

Even now there were more people outside the great Stadium than inside, and these were clamouring loudly for admission. Then came the break.

It seemed as if a great pot had overflowed. Nearest and nearest the goal-line, all down the touch-line, edged the black mass, until the field seemed as a mere green patch in the middle.

And those clean white lines did not stop the hopeless progress. Right across the field swept the intruders, until the whole arena was filled. The air resounded with the shrill calls of police whistles, and the men in blue appeared as if by magic to perform their arduous task of keeping order and forcing the multitude back far enough to allow the game to proceed.

This led to a rumour being passed outside that the game had to be abandoned, and some of the disappointed waiters made as if to go home, but the weight of the others behind prevented them making any progress.

All Confusion.

More police were hurried to the scene, and the work of beating back the crowd began in earnest. All was confusion that is almost indescribable, and when by sheer weight the police effected a clearance in one part, another side of the square bulged and was forced on the virgin sward.

Half an hour before the game it was impossible to say whether the match could be played; and after another five minutes the despairing police were called upon to face another onslaught.

With amazing suddenness and judicious power the dense mass broke through again, and practically swamped the entire ground. The foot police who had been working so valiantly were helpless, and just as matters were looking very black indeed for



PICTURE SHOWS THE CROWD STORMING THE TURNSTILES AT WEMBLEY.

CROWD OF 200,000.

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE BREAK THROUGH.

An official statement issued by the Stadium Control authorities is as follows:—

The turnstiles were open shortly before 11.30 a.m., in accordance with the official statement issued to the Press. Between 11.30 and one o'clock the inflow of traffic was steady. After one o'clock the pressure of the crowd became very great. At 1.30 p.m. a complete inspection was made of the packing of the crowd, and at 1.45 p.m., when the returns showed that the standing accommodation was nearly full, instructions were given for all gates to be closed.

Information was telephoned through to the London termini to inform them that the Stadium was full.

During the following half-hour thousands of people continued to arrive by road and rail and massed round outside the entrances.

At 2 p.m. the police authorities were requested to telephone to Scotland Yard for a large force of Mounted Police. Telephonic messages had previously been sent to every police station in the immediate districts.

Broken Barriers.

The inner entrances to the Stadium and the staircases leading to the reserve seats had already been closed except to ticket holders, many of whom were unable to reach their seats.

The pressure of the crowd was so great that some of these barriers broke down and certain sections of the reserved seats were occupied by the people who had burst the outer barriers. In other cases a crowd climbed over the railings both of the outer and inner barriers.

At 2.45 the arrival of the King relieved the pressure of the Stadium, as the thousands of people who cheer His Majesty lined the route to the Metropolitan Railway and the London and North-Eastern Railway were asked to start running their return trains, and every effort was made to persuade those who were unable to get into the Stadium to leave by one of the other routes.

To facilitate their egress the exit gates at the northern and eastern entrances were thrown open, and instructions given to remove the portion of the fence separating the Stadium from the rest of the park.

The total number of people who either paid for admission or broke down the barriers may be estimated to have exceeded 200,000.

The total estimated capacity of the Stadium is 127,000, and probably 150,000 got a good view of the match.

After the game, the manner in which the crowd was able to disperse was very much to the credit of the arrangement, as the multitude melted away rapidly and comfortably, and it is only fair to make this statement in view of the unfortunate scenes before the game.

ARRANGEMENTS OUT OF THE F.A. HANDS.

It appears that the arrangements for the match and the management of the crowd were taken out of the hands of the Football Association, being transferred to the management of the British Empire Exhibition.

Sir Travers Clarke, who has recently taken up his duties as deputy-chairman of the Board of Directors, and new official head of the Exhibition, was in no way responsible for the Stadium, as, up to now, he has been concerned with directing policy and not with management.

Pte. Williams, of London, was accidentally shot dead by a comrade's rifle near Mullingar, Ireland. A railway porter, named McDermott, was seriously wounded by a bullet which passed through Williams's head.

BURGLAR TAKES IN THE MILK.

AUDACIOUS RUSE. MAKES HIMSELF QUITE AT HOME.

A man who committed a daylight robbery at Frezywater, Enfield, displayed audacious coolness.

When the milkman called in the afternoon at a house in Herford-rd., Frezywater, the occupants of which were out for the day, the door was opened by a stranger. The man took in the milk and tendered a shilling in payment. The milkman, whose curiosity was aroused, said to the man, "I believe you are a burglar." The man replied, "Don't talk silly. I am a relative of the lady, who has gone to Tottenham."

Later the man took in the bread from the baker. He was seen by a neighbour to leave the house and cross the road to a tobacconist's shop. He returned to the house and later in the day was seen to leave and saunter leisurely towards Enfield Wash.

When the occupants of the house arrived home they found several articles of jewellery and a purse containing notes had vanished.

BOGUS 10/- FLAT.

GINGER-HAIRED MAN AND HIS CLIENTS.

The public are warned against a man who is advertising an unfurnished flat of three rooms to let at 10s. a week.

The man advertises the flat and asks seekers to write to a box number at a newspaper office. He then collects the letters, visits the writers, to whom he gives an address (false), hands them a key, and then asks for and obtains a deposit of 2s. 6d. or 5s.

He is described as about 30 years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, clean shaven, with ginger hair.

MAGIC PARISH PUMP.

WATER THAT WAS REGARDED AS A CURE.

The Parish Pump at Shenfield, near Brentwood, was brought into use again yesterday after many years of idleness. The water which comes from the pump was formerly the chief supply of the village, but with the growth of the district it fell into disuse.

The Rector of Shenfield, Rev. J. W. Lewis, has discovered that the water has curative qualities, and it appears, from the statements of an old inhabitant, that the water used to be regarded as a sure cure for all injuries. A sprained wrist or ankle was always sent to be bathed in the pump water. As the water is free to all, it is expected that there will be a run on its healing powers.

"THE SLEEPER AWAKENED."

Roused from his slumbers inside a taxicab by a police constable, Harry Hurkett, a taxi-driver, of Lancaster-rd., Notting Hill, was yesterday, at Marlborough-st. court, fined £4, including costs, for being drunk during his employment in Burlington-gardens.

Accused, who denied the offence, said the cab had broken down.

GLASS TRADE PEACE RAYS.

As the result of a conference between masters' and men's representatives, proposals have been made which may lead to a settlement of the glassmakers' dispute.

The men balloted against an acceptance of a reduction of 4s. per week in wages. It is understood that the employers have reduced their demand.

WIDOW'S MITE—NEW STYLE.

3/- A DAY OUT OF THOUSANDS.

A singular will has been left by the late Mr. James Grimshaw, a Blackburn man, who died aged 80 years.

Mr. Grimshaw was a member of the Blackburn Board of Guardians for 39 years. Unmarried, thrifty, a teetotaler and non-smoker, he built up a comfortable fortune and considerably added to his means by poultry farming.

Thirty years ago he built four handsome houses, and after taking up his residence in one of them, used the others for keeping fowls and Shetland ponies.

When the family, which included seven married sons and daughters, assembled after the funeral for the reading of the will, six of them found that they had been left £5 each out of their father's estate of several thousands, while one had been cut off without a penny.

To his widow, aged 83, deceased bequeathed three shillings per day and the use of a house.

The remainder was left in three equal parts to an orphanage at Blackburn, a local bird society, and the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

Fifty pounds was left to another temperance organisation to be expended in leaflets.

VICAR LOSES HIS COAT.

During a ride on his motor-cycle, the Rev. Frank Melville, vicar of Exhall, Coventry, found that his clothes were on fire. His attention was first drawn to it by some villagers, who stopped him. He had to borrow a coat before he could proceed home.

'BUS TURNS TURTLE.

ALARMING STREET COLLISION.

36 CASUALTIES.

CUP-TIE PARTY.

A privately chartered omnibus conveying 36 supporters of West Ham to the Wembley Stadium yesterday afternoon overturned in Harleyford-rd., Kennington (near the Oval), many of the passengers being flung into the roadway.

First aid was rendered to the injured, some of whom were seriously hurt, at the Kennington School, outside which the accident occurred. Two of the victims were subsequently detained at St. Thomas' Hospital. The remainder received treatment at another hospital.

They were:—

George Vicary, Bousfield-rd., New Cross, injuries to face;

Thomas Welch, Langdale-rd., West Greenwich, injuries to head.

SEATS WRENCHED OFF.

The omnibus was following a tramcar down Harleyford-rd. in the direction of Victoria, when the tramcar, which was proceeding at a fair speed, pulled up suddenly.

The driver of the omnibus swerved to avoid the tramcar, and the vehicle came into collision first with a water standard and then with a pillar-box, finally overturning with a crash which startled and horrified the whole street.

All the passengers on the upper deck were flung into the road, while the inside passengers were imprisoned.

Every window was smashed, while to add to the peril of those lying in the road, the seats on the upper deck were wrenched off and flung down upon them.

All the available doctors in the locality were called to render first aid.

Not one of the passengers escaped without injury, though the majority, after treatment, took steps to continue their journey to Wembley.

KILLED BY SAFETY PIN.

At an inquest at Clerkenwell yesterday on Marcel Dargaud, the seven-months-old child of a cook living at Hampstead-rd., N.W., it was stated that during an operation at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-st., a broken safety pin was removed from the child's throat. The child died from pyemia induced by the pin.

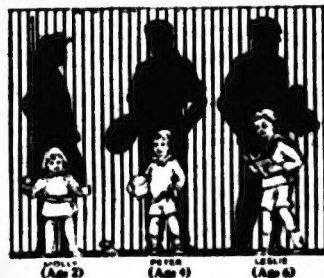
The mother said she thought the child must have picked up the pin while being undressed. The inquest was adjourned for further evidence.



THE WEATHER.

Winds will be light or moderate between W. and S.W., with bright periods, and probably occasional showers of rain or hail, and risk of thunder; moderate day temperature.

The further outlook is rather unsettled, but there will be considerable fair periods in the south and east.



AT
16 YEARS OF AGE
Molly will have **£50**
Peter will have **£41**
Leslie will have **£32**
If each saves 1/- a week and invests in SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.

SIXTEEN is the age when the children's needs will make the heaviest demands on the family income. Extended education—apprenticeship—special outfits—books; you will deny them none of these things if the money is there.

You can make sure of the money by starting to save now and buying Savings Certificates in the children's names.

Savings CERTIFICATES

Obtainable through a Savings Association or from any Bank or Money Order Post Office.

(Continued in Page Two.)

"TIZ" puts new life in Aching, Tired Feet.



The very first application of TIZ brings relief and comfort to those aching, tender, swollen, perspiring feet. Away go all aches and pains, corns, bunions and chafing.

TIZ gently draws out through the skin pores all the acid and poisons which make the feet swell, throb and ache. No more agonising torture—your shoes will feel easy and comfortable. In a few minutes you can walk, run or dance with perfect ease and freedom. Don't suffer another minute when you can get certain relief and cure so easy, quick and cheap.

Ask your chemist for the genuine TIZ, the only foot remedy in the yellow box bearing the Government standard stamp and signature of W. L. DODGE, Ltd., Barnes, S.W.12



That feeling of DEPRESSION is a warning to you.

Depression—low spirits—fatigue—is a warning to you that you are expending your vitality quicker than you are replacing it.

Heed this warning.

Let Wincarnis give you new strength, new rich, red blood, new nerve force and new vitality. Remember that Wincarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-builder and a Nerve Invigorator—all combined in one rich, delicious, health-giving preparation.

That is why 10,000 doctors recommend

WINGARNIS

If you are weak, or anemic, or nervous, or run-down, begin taking Wincarnis to-day, and take advantage of the new strength, new rich, red blood, new nerve force, and new vitality which Wincarnis offers you.

But be sure you get Wincarnis.

Firmly refuse substitutes.

Small All Wine Merchants and Large 3/3 6/-

Free Trial Coupon

COLEMAN & Co. Ltd., Dept. W. 35, Wincarnis Works, Northwich, Cheshire. Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of Wincarnis. I enclose five pence in stamps to pay postage.

Name _____ Address _____

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

T. People 87422

TO PROVE IT TO CONVINCE

CURACEA (Red), LIQUID NERVE TONIC

What a lovely seat! I can see everything without turning my head. The altar and chancel are perfectly visible, and just below me are the wedding guests.

There is Winston Churchill, looking somewhat pale, and beside him is his handsome wife.

Lloyd George looks happy. He has merry eyes, and he is wearing a uniform of blue and gold. Bonaparte, tall and quiet, sits alone, staring before him with contemplative eyes.

Austen Chamberlain's monocle gives him a rakish air. In spite of his dignified height there is a school-boy look about him.

Mr. Asquith is grave and benevolent. Is that Mrs. Asquith beside him, that woman, slim as a girl, creamy of skin and with kind sparkling eyes? Why! Her photographs are a libel. I had pictured an eagle. This is a fawn. She walks so lightly that she seems to dance. Her dress is the colour of mignonette, and it is utterly simple.

Lady Diana Cooper is patrician and effective, but not beautiful in my eyes. Each of her movements is delicate and graceful. She conveys fastidiousness. These great ones have elegance, and their way of greeting each other is



THE BRIDE AT BOOKHAM STATION.



THE SCENE IN THE ABBEY DURING THE CEREMONY.



THE ROYAL BRIDE LEAVING BRUTON ST.



OFF FOR THE HONEY MOON.

By VIOLET QUIRK

(Our Representative inside the Abbey).

"HERE I am!" I said to myself, catching sight of the Abbey as I turned the corner.

And before I knew what had happened I was caught in a crowd so vast and so compressed that it seemed to be a solid substance composed of writhing humanity.

I struggled to get out of it, but my puny movements were useless. I was a wave in an ocean, a leaf in a wind.

"You may as well give it up," said a woman good-naturedly.

"But I simply must get through," I said, continuing my struggle. I spotted a tall policeman, so I made him my goal.

"It's no use," said a bearded man kindly.

"If I don't get there in time I'll lose my seat," I said at the point of tears. I signed to the policeman.

"Now then, now then," he said admonishingly, "there's no passage here."

There was a struggle behind me. "Don't push," said a voice. "I have to get through," said another voice quite calm and confident.

"Now, then, madam," said the policeman, "keep back there."

"Press," she said magnificently, and held up a ticket.

"Make way," called out the policeman, forming a passage with his arms and one foot. The lady sailed forward.

I'd never thought of that. "Press," I echoed with as much magnificence as I could muster, and with a superhuman effort opened my purse to get out my ticket. The crowd surged. I was surrounded on all sides by shoulder-blades. My coat was wrenched open. My hat fell off.

"Make way," said the policeman; "come along, miss."

"Do you mind if I look for my hat?" I asked politely.

"Here you are," said a jovial masculine voice.

"Thank you."

The policeman dragged me forward into blessed space.

"Cross over there and turn to the right," he said compassionately.

I put my hat on and prepared to cross the road. It was lined each side with tall soldiers grasping terrifying bayonets, and plumed horsemen rode to and fro. I felt as if I hadn't a friend in the world, and I wouldn't have been the least surprised if one of the soldiers had charged me with his bayonet. I ran to the Abbey.

Among the Leaders.

What a lovely seat! I can see everything without turning my head. The altar and chancel are perfectly visible, and just below me are the wedding guests.

There is Winston Churchill, looking somewhat pale, and beside him is his handsome wife.

Lloyd George looks happy. He has merry eyes, and he is wearing a uniform of blue and gold. Bonaparte, tall and quiet, sits alone, staring before him with contemplative eyes.

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lovely in its courtliness. The frocks of the women are eclipsed by the brighter uniforms of the men, many of whom wear the soldier's red coat. Their spurs resound as their heels touch the floor and their swords rattle.

This is a splendid experience. The ancient Abbey is silent with the silence of wisdom, and the sculptured people, so long dead, regard us all with uncritical, all-understanding eyes. Strange that cold stone can perpetuate the memory of warm human beings!

There are shadows in the Abbey, and secrets. Pressing against me are the phantoms of old emotions. The breath of the past touches my cheeks.

I have stepped right into a fairy tale. Men in strange costumes pace up the aisles.

"The King's Guard," somebody whispers.

Where is the King? We must have a king in a fairy tale. The King comes, and with him his Queen. They seem to be conjured up by the wand of the swelling music which forms with the cheers outside a beautiful discord.

The bridegroom walks up the nave between his two brothers. When they reach the top of the chancel steps

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The organ rejoices with triumphant music. The echo of great cheering outside sounds like the roaring of many waters. People whisper, turning their heads.

Hush! The bride is here. The Duchess of York! That will be a great name for this little, dark darling holding her father's hand so sweetly and so confidently. She is caressed by a mediaeval gown of ivory and silver.

It is more than a dress, it is a proclamation. She is the Fairy Princess, completing this fairy tale, so tenderly, so miraculously true.

The veil that covers her little shy face cannot hide the shining of her rapturous eyes.

Everyone Happy.

When her bridegroom comes to stand beside her she makes an almost imperceptible movement of welcome. Her arms hang straight beside her. They are pink and immature, the arms of a young girl.

Their Majesties are King and Queen, but when they look at their son they are just father and mother. Their eyes dwell upon him.

Albert Frederick Arthur George, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife . . .

Elizabeth Angela Marguerite, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband . . .

The bridegroom places the ring on the finger of the bride.

They come back from the vestry hand in hand.

He is happy and proud. She seems half holy. Happiness flows out of her. Her husband's happiness is no less. It is merely differently expressed.

They bow to the King and Queen and pass on.

As they approach the Earl and Countess of Strathmore the bride almost halts. She sends them a look of sheer love accompanied by such an exquisite smile that I know I have witnessed the most lovely event of the day.

To relate it will be almost an intrusion, it is so tender and intimate. The Earl and Countess smile and their gaze follows the bride and bridegroom as they walk out of the Abbey to meet the cheers of the crowds waiting outside.

Why are they cheering, these crowds? Why have they come, old and young, rich and poor?

They have come to look upon romance. They have come to look upon their dreams.

Here is the essence of existence, the soul of that rough body we call daily life. Here is happiness. Here also is generosity.

Anemic, shabby, work-worn women say earnestly, "God bless her." And men, soiled with recent labour, assert with the deepest conviction, "Well, here's a jolly good fellow!" and they break into louder cheering.

This is a day of jolly good-fellowship. No matter, hatred or uncharitableness! Cheers for the Duke and Duchess! Cheers for the people!



He wouldn't miss it for anything!

Miss the Cup Final? Not Grandpa!

From the kick-off till lemon-time, and on again till the last whistle, his whole heart and soul are in the thick of the struggle.

He's a supporter well worth having, too. No long face about him if the "wrong" team lifts the Cup—no angry yells of "Kill that referee!" And why? Because, for all his sixty years, he's young enough and fit enough to turn out on the field himself, because he is the keen spirit of true sportsmanship.

The close association between the Cup Final and the "little daily dose" is well illustrated by the feat of the Caterham Hospital football team, known throughout their county as "Kruschen's," who lately

beat Epsom in the final of the Surrey Junior Cup, and also won their way to the last round of the Caterham Hospital Cup. "We all feel assured," writes a member of the Hospital staff, "that a great deal of our success is due to the wonderful fitness imparted to players and supporters alike by the regular use of Kruschen Salts, of which we are staunch champions."

"Our sedentary life is conducive to that depressed and out-of-sorts feeling which we avoid by taking Kruschen Salts, so that we can't help having 'that Kruschen feeling' instead. Here's our reputation as a well-ordered and happy crowd on every ground where we have appeared."

"Our best thanks to Kruschen!"

This letter speaks for itself, and here's its message: Get a 1/9 bottle and start to-morrow!

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts contains "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken 96 doses—enough for three months—which in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist means good health for less than a farthing is Kruschen. Get a bottle and start a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is, to-morrow.

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THE following is the first of a series of strange and entertaining Tales of the Turl which "The People" has secured for its readers. The stories are told by Cornelius Foy, who, among other achievements, rode three of the King's horses first past the post, and received from His Majesty a gold whip as a souvenir. Foy, known familiarly to all racegoers as "Con" Foy, probably held more licences for riding in different countries than any other jockey in the world.

To-day's queer story tells of one of the most audacious hoaxes in the history of the Turl. Next week Foy will relate the sequel to this amazing tale.

THE Treadmore swindle was the greatest hoax ever perpetrated upon the unsuspecting bookmakers and punters.

The men responsible for the scheme were four in number, who we will call Joe, Fred, Dick and Tom.

The gathering which led to the mythical race meeting in Cornwall took place in a rendezvous patronised by the lesser scribes of that day, which was situated not a thousand miles east of Temple Bar. Each of the four was partaking of satisfying fare when Fred, who had been scrutinising a sporting paper, looked up and, addressing his companions, said:

"I say, you fellows, have you ever thought what you could win if you only had the power to see all the racing results—as they are set out here—a day before the actual events took place?"

"Have I ever thought of it?" replied Joe, reproachfully. "Do I ever forget it?" would be nearer the mark; why, it's worse than a recurring decimal to me."

"I agree with you, Joe," said Dick, nodding his head. "Indeed, I have given up trying to back winners. The only way I shall ever make money will be when I can arrange my own meeting and return my own winners."

It was in this way that the first seeds of this remarkable plot were sown. The chance words of Dick seemed to fire the imaginative brain of Joe, the recognised leader of the party.

When, some days later, Fred, Dick and Tom heard their leader rambling about the possibilities of holding a "faked" race meeting, there was much derisive laughter. However, as he argued and put forward his claims, they became serious and impressed.

The days that followed saw continual meetings between the four, and as each consultation imbued them with greater confidence, the ultimate end of the plotting was assured long before it was actually agreed to carry out the

QUEER TALES OF THE TURL



swindle. However, the day arrived when each took a solemn oath to do his part, and Joe lost no time in starting the ball rolling.

Aided by the others, he compiled an artistic but fictitious list of entries, weights, trainers and owners, and worked out the conditions of races with considerable cunning. Then, when this was done, the quartette collected a group of high-sounding names for stewards and other officials and had them printed in true race-card fashion. The ground work having been completed, there remained the task of circulating the programmes to the newspapers, and this delicate undertaking was accepted by the audacious Joe, in the guise of "Mr. Martin of St. Ives," a person who never existed.

Success was by no means guaranteed. He installed himself in Cornwall and issued the programmes of the mythical Bank Holiday race meeting. Simultaneously with these carefully prepared cards, the obliging "Mr. Martin" asked each editor if he might be allowed to report on the meeting as local correspondent. As the charge was small and there were something like 20 other meetings going on throughout the country, "Mr. Martin" succeeded in monopolising the business as representative of the Press for Treadmore.

This was what the wily Joe and his confederates had anticipated. Once the fear of a stray reporter being sent down to the meeting was dispelled, the little gang of tricksters again collaborated. This time a host of supposed jockeys' names were invented and, with no possibility of interference, a complete list of the results of the Treadmore meeting, giving the first, second and third, as well as the starting price of each horse, was drawn up about a week before the racing, according to the programme, was due to take place.

Immediately this most important part of the swindle had been successfully carried out "Mr. Martin" again took himself off to St. Ives, leaving his three confederates to deal with their portion—namely, the backing of the horses in a manner unlikely to cause suspicion.

As all three of them were more or less well known to the sporting section of London, they went about their task in a casual manner. Days before the Bank Holiday, rumours began to spread among their intimate friends—whispers which said that Tom, Dick

and Fred were anticipating a good tip about a certain horse which, so they had heard, was going to win a race in a few days. Even casual acquaintances were told in that confidential fashion, dear to the heart of every backer, that they would be allowed to participate in lightening the pouches of the bookmakers.

The three men started by carefully ascertaining friends who had accounts with bookmakers; and to these they agreed to impart their knowledge on the condition that the wager included a small amount of their own money. In this way they split up their own bets into small sums and reduced the possibility of detection to a minimum.

The unfur-



tunate people who had no accounts were, however, not so well treated. To them Tom, Dick and Fred refused to give the name of the horse, saying that they dared not do so in case the news spread and the market—or starting price—would suffer and debar them from getting any future information. However, with very little inducement, they agreed to include the victim's wager with their own, and in almost every instance were handed varying sums to cover the stakes of the innocent and overjoyed punter. When at last the Bank Holiday arrived, and everything had gone smoothly for the four, there was great

excitement among the backers who had an interest in the meeting of Treadmore. The confederates in London having done their work took a rest and left the remainder of the business to "Mr. Martin of St. Ives." He, for his part, was also successful. To every paper he sent a complete list of the day's racing results, with an intimation that he would apply for his fee at the end of the month. Then, peaceful in the knowledge that everything humanly possible had been done he took a hasty trip to London to ascertain exactly how much the "coup" had brought them in. It was a very happy "Mr. Martin" who greeted his partners in London on the following day.

However, some of the punters who had shared in the "good thing" were not quite so satisfied. In each instance where there had been no account the ingenious trio in London had contrived to put their unfortunate victims on the winners in order to spread the game's own money about. But, as they did not know this, there were no real complaints or veiled suggestions of crooked dealings.

Despite all the precautions taken an unforeseen circumstance brought to light the whole strange business. The sporting papers were naturally crowded with reports of racing meetings, and only one thought fit to give any details of the obscure Treadmore fixture.

When, however, this fact was noticed by a contemporary it hastily decided to give the results in the next day's edition. That was how the trouble arose. In setting the type a printer made an error in the price of the "Reaper," the horse which was the real medium of the gamble. Instead of returning the price at 5 to 1, he inadvertently picked out the wrong figure and made it 5 to 2.

As some bookmakers had paid out the prices returned in one paper and others according to those returned in the second, a nice little squabble arose.

It was, as I have said, the best backed horse in the "offices," and 5 to 1 is sufficiently different from 5 to 2 to permit of even a bookmaker making inquiries.

It was then decided to consult the Clerk of the Course at Treadmore, Cornwall, for official advice on the matter of the price difference.

Of course, little suspecting what was going on, "Mr. Martin" and his

satellites were busy collecting their winnings, and the letter was returned as "not known." The map of England was scrutinised—there was no Treadmore.

For some days the fact that the papers, to say nothing of bookmakers and punters had been hoaxed, was kept secret in the hope that the guilty persons might be brought to book.

But the principals scented an inquiry, and, although staunchly supported by even the very people they had swindled, they found themselves being suspected. The matter was never carried further, and the hoaxers made

TREADMORE RACE MEETING.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1.

The FARMER'S PLATE of 20 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. C. W. Martin's "The Reaper" (Mr. J. H. Martin) 5 to 1. Mr. J. H. Martin's "The Reaper" (Mr. J. H. Martin) 5 to 1. Mr. J. H. Martin's "The Reaper" (Mr. J. H. Martin) 5 to 1.

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How to make Oilskin Capes.

(Conducted by MIMI.)

So many readers have inquired just lately as to the way in which they can turn canvas into serviceable waterproof oilskin that it is probable a few detailed directions may be welcomed by others than the inquirers themselves.

To make canvas waterproof two solutions are required. No. 1 is made by dissolving 1 lb. of common alum in one quart of rain-water. No. 2 is made by dissolving 1 lb. of acetate of lead in one pint of rain-water. Good soft water will serve if rainwater is difficult to obtain, which, however, is hardly the case at the time of writing! When dissolved, mix the two, and a precipitate will be thrown down to the bottom of the vessel. Draw off the upper clear portion of the mixture.

The canvas to be made waterproof is soaked in the clear solution for about half an hour, then wrung out lightly and dried slowly out of the sun. When dry the canvas will be quite waterproof.

To make an oilskin cape, good, strong brown holland or calico should be used as the foundation material. The garment should be completed before the treatment is commenced. First soak it in boiling water for about half an hour, and hang up to dry, without wringing. When quite dry, spread out and paint over with boiled oil, to which lamp-black has been added, to make it a black

colour. If, however, a yellow oilskin is required, powdered yellow ochre must be used as a colouring instead of the lamp-black. Allow the first coating to dry thoroughly. Then apply two more coatings, allowing the cape to dry in between each application.

When the third coating is dry it is ready for a final coating with shellac mixture, made as follows:—To one quart of water add 1 lb. of shellac; allow to simmer gently, and when nearly boiling stir into the mixture 1 oz. of strong liquid ammonia. When the shellac has dissolved, allow the mixture to cool, and when quite cold, sponge it on to the cape, or apply with a soft large brush.

Oilskins that require re-dressing must be thoroughly cleaned before the operation. Dissolve a large piece of washing soda in half a tubful of boiling water. All 4 oz. of soft soap; stir until dissolved. When the heat has gone off, put in the cape and leave to soak until the next day. Scrub with a stiff brush, using hot soapy water; rinse in several lots of cold water and hang up to dry for a couple of days.

The above methods are all said to be reliable. I do not pretend that I have experimented with them myself.

A RECOMMENDED DRESSING FOR OILSKIN CAPES.—Wash the oilskin well with hot water and dry thoroughly. Stir a teaspoonful of white zinc and a small lump of black lead into a pint of boiled linseed oil. Apply with a brush a piece of flannel rubbing well into the cape. This treatment will keep oilskins in excellent condition and prevent them sticking.

THE HELPING HAND.

A DISH CLOTH HINT.—Save all the white twine taken from package of groceries, etc., tie all pieces together and knit or crochet some dish cloths with it. These will outlast all other kinds of cloths.

TO PERFUME UNDER-LINEN.—A delicate perfume will be given to linen by putting a jump oforris root into the boiler on washing days. The delicious fragrance thus given will last even after ironing, but will at no time be penetrating enough to be disagreeable. Another and even more lasting method is to put a Tokay bean in the drawer in which the linen is laid. This perfume in large quantities is overpowering, but one bean will give just the right odour. It usually requires warmth to bring out the perfume.

TICKET WRITING INK.—An efficient base for ticket writing ink can be made as follows:—Dissolve an ounce of gum arabic in 6 oz. of water and strain. Then add a little good hard white spirit varnish. In order to obtain a black colour, powder some black finely and mix well. For white, flake white should be used in the same manner; for red, vermilion; for green, emerald green; for yellow, chrome yellow. Apply with a small brush. If you make the mixture too thick to write easily, thin it with a little water. (By request.)

RED HANDS.—A little of the following mixture rubbed into the hands at night after washing them will have the most effective effects upon red hands. Take equal parts of rosewater, glycerine and lemon juice, and shake them thoroughly well together before using the mixture.

GREASE ON KITCHEN FLOOR.—Throw a dash of cold water on the hot grease spilled on the kitchen floor. This will prevent the grease from penetrating the wood, and later can be washed up with cold suds.

RUSTY STEEL FENDERS.—Take half an ounce of camphor and dissolve it in a pound of lard; skim well, and then stir in enough blacklead to give the mixture an iron colour. Rub well into the steel, cover with a thick layer, and leave for some hours. Wipe off with an old linen cloth, clean with emery paper, and then give a final rub with a woolen rag on which a little vasoline has been smeared.

INFLAMMATION OF THE EYELIDS.—Get one ounce of boracic acid and pour into it one pint of boiling water, then stir it till it is quite dissolved, and when it is cool bottle it for further use. Pour a little of the solution into a saucer, and add to it enough boiling water to make it lukewarm, and use it at once for bathing the eyes. It should be made often and fresh, or it will not be good for the eyes.

ORANGE FLOWER SKIN FOOD.—To make a good skin food take half an ounce of spermaceti, the same amount of white wax, two ounces of sweet almond oil, one ounce of lanoline, coconut oil, and orange flower water, and three drops of simple tincture of benzoin. Melt the last five ingredients in a porcelain saucer, and take it from the fire, then add the benzoin and the orange flower water, mixing with an egg beater until it is cold. It should be remembered, however, that some sensitive skins cannot bear benzoin.



No. 120.—Dainty cross-over camisole, gathered with an elastic at the waist and trimmed with lace and hand embroidery. 6d.

No. 121.—Pretty frock for little girls, 2-4, 4-6, 6-8 years, in two materials, with plain panel back and front. The sides are cut in one with the sleeves, and the fullness is arranged under a belt of the material. The fastening is arranged down the left side of the front panel. 6d.

No. 122.—Smart frock of fancy material. The neck is cut down in a deep V

over a vest of the material. The bell sleeves are set into low armholes, and trimmed with plain material to match the neck. The waist is gathered into an elastic, and rosettes of plain material give a smart finish. 6d.

No. 123.—Practical combinations for girls, 6-8, 8-10, 10-12 years. They are gathered into a draw-string at the waist, and the flap at the back buttons on to the bodice. The short inset sleeves are scalloped to match the neck and legs. 6d.

WORKERS' SEARCHLIGHT.

By ANDREW BUCHANAN, J.P.

A MID the welter of conflicting interests and theories in our industrial system (or lack of system) it is a welcome relief when one comes across genuine efforts to solve our economic troubles.

One such effort is the satisfactory working of the Rowan Premium Bonus system in the engineering works of Sir Rowan Thomson in Scotland. Briefly the scheme is that a standard time is fixed for the work. When the worker saves time the hours actually worked are multiplied by the hours saved and divided by the standard time, and the result produces the bonus hours.

How It Works.

As an example of how this admirable scheme works we will take a workman paid 1s. per hour. He is given a job, the standard time for which is reckoned at 100 hours. He does the work in 70 hours and the bonus works out as follows:—

$$\frac{70 \times 30}{100} = 21$$

He, therefore, gets 1s. per hour for 70 hours plus 21s. for the 21 bonus hours, or 91s. for 70 hours' work. All the workers are satisfied and the trade unionists would not allow any interference with the scheme.

Common Sense.

In looking through some articles I came across the following significant statement by Mr. Fred Bramley, the affable and able Assistant Secretary of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress: "Workers make the fundamental blunder in assuming employers are responsible for sweating. Sweating is the effect of economic conditions neither worker nor employer control. Workers also make the mistake of thinking that by changing representation of Parliament they would get economic evils redressed." It is a pity such sound sense is not more frequently preached.

American v. British Labour Policy.
American organised labour has declared against "the Nationalisation and Socialist policy of the British Labour Party." On the other hand, American Labour "unitedly favours the British Whitley Council plan." My friend, John Murray, M.P. for West Leeds, will be pleased.

Agricultural Imports.
A notice from the very latest figures published that the imported during 1922 is less than £454 millions in food and drink. Our imports of eggs amounted to £11 millions, butter £36 millions, bacon £35 millions, over one million for poultry, and £32 millions for sugar. A system which throws our arable land out of cultivation, drives our land workers into the towns, and imports from abroad such vast amounts of food, is surely wrong. With 20,000 demobilised unemployed officers a great amount of the above imports could be produced here. What is the Ministry of Agriculture doing about it?

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

Mr. K. Genders, of 50, Sandgate-rd., Brixton, Bristol, is anxious to receive news of her husband, who has not been heard of since December last. For the past four years Mr. and Mrs. Genders had lived together at Rickman's, worth, Herts, and both of them are well-known in the vicinity. Mr. Genders is 54, height 5ft. 6in., of very portly appearance, heavy moustache, and wears a 7 in. m. d. pince-nez glasses. When last seen he was wearing dark grey trousers, tweed jacket, light trolley hat and dark blue raincoat.

MATERIALS CLOTHING.—From CHAS. BRITA, 10, Victoria Road, Bristol. Write for Catalogue and Patterns, 10s. per doz. J. G. GILBY, LTD., Birmingham (Leeds).

STOCK POT OF KITCHEN LORE.

BOILING is considered one of the easiest methods of cooking—so easy, in fact, that there is generally nothing more unpleasant than a dish of boiled meat. It is so "easy" that no attention is paid to its preparation, and the meat is a joint either as tough as leather, or cooked to rags, and the one result is as flavourless as the other.

The truth is that to prepare meat for boiling for the table is not so easy as it sounds. All fresh meat should be immersed in rapidly boiling water for the first ten minutes only. The heat is then reduced by the addition of a little cold water or stock, and maintained at that point until the joint is cooked.

The only food that should be cooked in liquid which is on the "gallop" all the time is meat or bone which is being utilised for stock purposes. In this case the water, in the first place, must be cold, and brought slowly to the boil. Salt beef and pork should be placed in warm, not boiling, water.

The water in which vegetables or puddings are being boiled must, of course, be kept at that point all the time. The slowing-off process applies to meat such as mutton, veal, poultry, etc., which are in themselves the "dish."

When cooking meat by boiling, choose a saucepan just big enough to take the joint easily, and deep enough to allow it to be kept continually covered with liquid to the depth of about two inches. Keep the liquid at this level, adding more boiling stock or water as it evaporates. Skim well from time to time. Carrots, onions and celery can be cooked in the same pot, but it is better to cook turnips separately, adding them at the last moment.

Smoked ham, tongue and bacon should be soaked in cold water for twelve hours before being boiled.

Average times for boiling are:—

	Beef	20 minutes to the pound.
Lamb	"	"
Mutton	"	"
Pork	"	"
Salted meats	5 minutes per pound extra.	
Tongue	30 minutes to the pound.	
Cod	"	"
Haddock	"	"
Salmon	10 to 15 minutes per steak of average thickness.	

A few drops of vinegar added to the water in which fish is to be boiled will impart firmness to the flesh and improve its flavour.

RHUBARB TEA.—Boil 2 lb. of sliced rhubarb for an hour in a quart of water, then strain it. Add to it the juice of one lemon, and sweeten to taste after it is cold.

COCONUT BISCUITS.—Mix together 1 lb. desiccated coconut, 1 lb. granulated sugar, the whites of 2 eggs, stiffly whisked, and 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Mix in spoonfuls at a time, on a greased paper, spread on a baking-tray and bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes. Keep in an airtight tin.

SAUSAGES WITH BAKED POTATOES.—Prick 1 lb. of sausages, put them in a well-greased baking-tin, and cook gently in a moderate oven. Mash some cold potatoes with a fork, moisten with half a teaspoonful of milk, 1 oz. of fat, and the yolk of 1 egg, pepper and salt to season. Form the mixture into rounds, according to the number of the "sausages," bake in a buttered baking-tin till nicely browned. Lift by means of a fish-slice on to a hot dish, and serve a sausage on each.

"THE PEOPLE'S" DOCTOR.

HEALTH HINTS FOR THE HOME.

DYSPEPSIA.—A functional disorder of the stomach not attended by any permanent organic disease of the organ. Cases are best classified according to the chief symptoms they exhibit, e.g., Acid, flatulent, nervous and atonic.

Acid dyspepsia may occur at any age from infancy to old age, climate and race having no influence, except as regards the character of the food eaten. An acute attack occurs usually as a result of large meals, or of irritating food. It is frequently referred to euphemistically as "a sidious attack," whereas it is in reality a food debauch.

The symptoms which occur in such cases are not developed for perhaps two hours or more after partaking of a meal, then a sense of fullness and discomfort is experienced in the stomach, accompanied by nausea, and frequently terminating in the ejection of the whole of the contents of the organ, which gives relief. The vomited matters are hyperacid, being due to excess of hydrochloric acid. There is a thickly coated tongue, with a lingering nauseous taste in the mouth, lassitude, headache with a pallid complexion.

Flatulent dyspepsia is recognised by the gaseous eructations. The common cause is swallowing air with imperfectly masticated food, so that it is met with in people who have lost their teeth, or who eat their food too quickly.

Nervous dyspepsia is commonly observed in women above the age of puberty, and is marked by pain of a severe nervous character in the epigastric region. As a rule vomiting is absent. Excessive flatulence comes on at irregular intervals.

Atonic dyspepsia is a type met with very frequently among women of the poorer classes and is largely dependent upon fatigue, faulty feeding and worry.

With regard to the general principles to be observed in the treatment of functional dyspepsia, fresh air is important, regular exercise, as riding, or brisk walking, and a tepid sponge bath in the morning and a warm bath once a week. Avoid rich food wearing a flannel abdominal belt. Attention to the teeth, gums and throat is of the greatest importance, and any regular condition rectified. Meals should be preceded and followed by half an hour's rest. Food should be chewed very thoroughly and until each mouthful is reduced to a creamy consistence before being swallowed. Attention to regular action of bowels, but drastic aperients should be avoided.

Diet.—This must be adapted to the particular disorder of function. Thus, in cases of atonic dyspepsia fluids and bulky nutritious articles of food must be restricted.

In "acid" cases, sugar and sweetened food must be limited. The following are the most digestible articles of food:—

Meats—Mutton, sweetbread, chicken, tripe or game.
Fish—Turbot, whiting, sole.
Farinaceous Foods—Stale white bread, rusks, plain biscuits, sago.
Vegetables—Spinach, cauliflower, French beans, peas.
Fruits—Baked apples, the juice of oranges.

The medical treatment varies according to the type of dyspepsia. Thus, in "acid" cases, bismuth and soda tablets, one or two hours after food is indicated. In "atonic" cases, bismuth tablets are suitably diluted with meals, while "nervous dyspepsia" will require a course of iron and quinine.

In next Sunday's issue "The Doctor" will write an article on "Organic Diseases of the Stomach."

Is your
Baby's food
left on the
Doorstep?

Purity is the first essential of baby's food. His delicate system has not the power to resist the disease-germs careless handling may introduce. Give baby only **COW & GATE MILK FOOD**. Packed in air-tight tins, you are always sure it is entirely free from contamination.

Cow & Gate Milk Food

COW & GATE MILK FOOD is made of the best milk of healthy West Country herds, and offers a complete natural nourishment free from every harmful element.



Awarded the Certificate of The INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE.

Of all Chemists,

1/6, 2/9, 7/9, per tin.

FREE SAMPLE

Every Mother should send for a Miniature Tin of COW & GATE MILK FOOD, Post Free with name and address of the local Chemist who sells it.

DEPT. 76, COW & GATE HOUSE, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

Babies Love it!

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY GRANDPA FUNBOY

HOW PEGGY AND PETER FOUND THE MILK.



MY DEAR LITTLE PEOPLE,
WHILE Peggy and Peter are getting dry after their country outing, I want to tell you about the big surprise you have been expecting, and here it is! Every week for the future I am going to give you a large, easily made, cut-out toy, with which you can have fine games. The one below you see makes up into a capital horse and cart toy, and next week's will be even a bigger toy still, which you must all look out for, as it will amuse both boys and girls. All you have to do with these toys is to follow the directions carefully, and then you cannot help making them up properly.



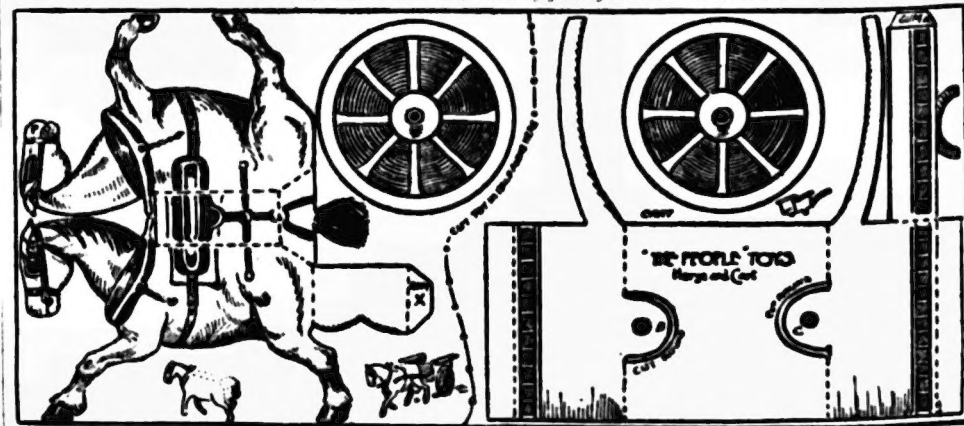
I promised to give you the solution to last week's cowboy puzzle, didn't I? What you had to do was to lay the cowboys out in a square with three on each side. To do this, of course, takes only eight cowboys, not nine, but if you will look at your puzzle you will see there were really only eight, the ninth being the back view of the eighth!

Next week, besides the special toy, you shall see how Peggy and Peter fared at the dentist's.

Your Merry Old Friend,
Grandpa Funboy.

THE PEOPLE'S TOY CUPBOARD.—A JOLLY HORSE AND CART TO MAKE.

Cut the model in two down the dotted line. Gam each half on a rostrard and colour it. Cut out the parts. Score and bend all dotted lines. Join horse's sides by flaps X, and gam sides of its face together. Cut round each Flap B and C on cart with a pen-knife. Fold sides up, and to sides cut. Join by front flap A. Fit wheels on with matchstick axle.



NEXT WEEK ANOTHER FINE TOY WILL BE GIVEN.

PREMIER'S SEA VOYAGE.

THROAT TROUBLE REMEDY.

RELUCTANT TO GO.

MR. BALDWIN'S TASK

(By our Political Correspondent.)

Mr. Bonar Law leaves this week for a short sea voyage. No new complications have arisen with regard to his health.

The Prime Minister's general health was never better, but his throat trouble, which prevents him speaking in public, while improving, is not yet overcome. His friends in and out of the Cabinet have been urging him to get clear away for a spell, and to take a sea voyage, which is the best restorative for a lost voice.

It appears that while he remained in Downing-st. he would be doing a great deal of work, smoking too much, and would want to speak too soon. Indeed, he had arranged to address the annual meeting of the Primrose League in the Albert Hall on Friday next.

The wishes of his personal friends have been reinforced by the advice of his doctors, and the Premier will leave immediately for a real rest of about four weeks.

LOTH TO LEAVE.

While he admitted that the advice given him was sound, he hesitated to adopt it, first, because of his intense devotion to duty, and also because of the fear that his absence would revive the mischievous rumours about his resignation, which never had the least foundation in fact.

Now, however, the plans of the plotters have been entirely upset, and the only effect of the conspiracy has been to rally the Unionist Party more solidly behind Mr. Bonar Law and his friends.

Lord Younger, for instance, who was bitterly attacked by Lord Birkenhead, who described him as "a very small and very conceited man who should be deprived of all influence in the party," has been unanimously elected chairman of the Carlton Club, the headquarters of Conservatism.

CAPABLE DEPUTY.

Another circumstance which eases the Prime Minister's mind is that things are going well with the Government in Parliament.

Mr. Baldwin is quite capable of doing the House of Commons in Mr. Bonar Law's absence. His success with the Budget has added to his popularity and his capacity for leadership in the Commons.

The other big Government measure—the Housing Bill—is safe in the hands of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, so that the Prime Minister can leave for his much-needed rest with a tranquil mind.

A correspondent who saw Mr. Bonar Law yesterday assures me that he is perfectly fit in every respect except with regard to his voice weakness, and there is no need for his numerous friends to be in the least alarmed. If any schemers within the party retain any hope that his resignation is only temporarily postponed they will be bitterly disappointed. Mr. Bonar Law will probably leave tomorrow or Tuesday. It is probable that he will take a voyage through the Mediterranean in a private yacht.

In taking a sea voyage for his throat Mr. Bonar Law is only adopting a similar course as other statesmen when suffering with a similar affliction. Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, had to resort to this remedy for a prolonged relaxed throat.

Not only all members of the Unionist Party, but the country at large, will wish Mr. Bonar Law complete restoration of health, and when he returns his medical advisers promise him that he will be able to take his place on the Treasury Bench with renewed vigour.

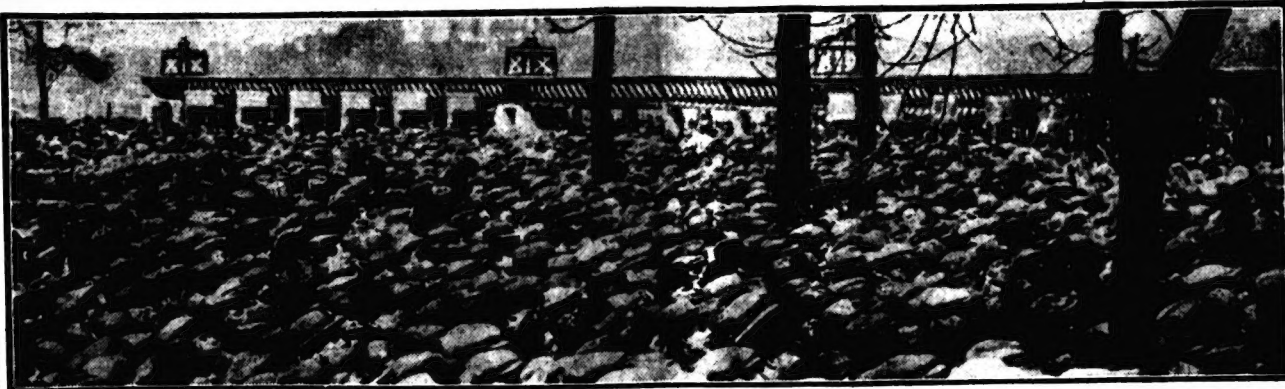
SMILIN' THROUGH.



The conspiracy planned over the dining-tables at West End hotels against the Prime Minister, which was described in last week's "People," is now little more than a memory of shattered hopes. The plotters, led by Lord Birkenhead, are left wallowing in the wilderness.

Only one of the conspirators showed any fight. Lord Birkenhead last Sunday let himself go in a Lloyd Georgean journal. He said "The Conservative Party is being driven swiftly, and utterly to a debacle greater than in 1905." He also stated that the Government have "passed from discredit to discredit"; it had undergone "unspeakable humiliation," and the administration, to his mind, stood for "feebleness and inefficiency." Lord Birkenhead's words are quite unfounded and his charges are untrue.

Lord Birkenhead, who has been answered by men who have more claim to speak as Conservative leaders, would be well advised if he gave up his disruptive tactics and took a rest.



THE ENORMOUS CRUSH OUTSIDE THE STADIUM.

CANADIAN CATTLE MYSTERY.

NOW THE SCHEME IS WORKING.

(By a Correspondent.)

It is understood that the results of the importation of Canadian cattle have been unpromising from the point of view of the exporters from Canada.

Hitherto, the impression has prevailed that these animals could be landed in British ports at a very cheap rate, in which case they would have had a ready market and a steady sale.

As a matter of fact, however, the consignments so far have been so expensive and the prices of the animals when landed so high that the farmers cannot face their purchase—at all events at the prices which the Canadians were anticipating—and as the result there is no great inclination to buy more than is absolutely necessary.

The experiment, therefore, will be watched with great interest in its initial stages.

Another feature which is very significant is that the importation of these animals has not so far in the least affected the price of British meat on the British market. When the butchers were recommending to the British public the acceptance of the removal of the embargo, they represented that British meat would be reduced by sixpence per lb., and Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, the late Minister of Agriculture, who opposed the measure, was defeated at Dudley on this issue. Now, however, the trade is rapidly coming round to the view that reduction was over-estimated, and that the British public, if they get any reduction at all, will only benefit to the extent of one penny or so.

LLOYD-GEORGE ON REUNION.

CLEAR THE DECKS FOR FREE TRADE FIGHT.

Mr. Lloyd George addressed a meeting of Liberals of all ranks in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, yesterday afternoon on the question of Liberal reunion. Mr. Asquith is to speak at a similar gathering later.

Liberalism had to show that it recognised, and would deal with, social and industrial evils. The wages of the workers, the uncertainty of obtaining a livelihood, inequality of opportunity for a large class of the population, the reorganisation of our land system, were all questions for liberalism.

If there was going to be a fight about free trade, let them clear the decks. The McKenna tariffs and the Safeguarding of Industries Act must go.

Socialism, said Mr. Lloyd George, would enslave labour. Liberalism had to enslave labour free. One of the reasons why Labour was winning seats was because Liberals were not united. "I hope the reason will not exist next time."

THUNDERSTORM'S FRANK.

Bellringer Enveloped in Blue Flame.

A violent thunderstorm was experienced at Saltwood, near Hythe, Kent. Windows of houses were blown in and a rectory ceiling brought down.

The church bell-ringers were practising at the time, and one of them was enveloped by a blue flame, which fortunately did not injure him. A ball of fire fell by the side of a road and caused a large hole. Several people afterwards complained of shock.

DEATH THROUGH BOOT NAIL.

At an inquest at Monmouth yesterday, on George Thomas, formerly a licensed victualler in the town, it was stated that a projecting nail in the sole of his boot caused him to fall while descending a steep path. He received fatal injuries to the head.

A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

SUB-LETTING TENANTS.

Out of over 300 houses on the Tottenham Council's new estate only a handful of the tenants had kept the signed agreement not to sub-let.

This was the statement made in a test case at Tottenham County Court yesterday. The Council wanted possession of the house.

The tenant, his wife and daughter, occupied a house of four rooms. He had sublet to a man and wife with five children. It was an example, the Council contended, of the horrible overcrowding which had existed ever since the houses were built.

An order was granted for possession on June 11, unless defendant got rid of his sub-tenants.

At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to-night, and twice daily throughout the week, Sir Oswald Stoll and Percy Burton are presenting Lowell Thomas (of "Allies in Palestine" fame) in "Through Romantic India, and the North-West Frontier," where Miss Ellis was held for ransom by wild tribesmen.

BELGIUM CHEERS OUR PRINCE.

YPRES COMRADES.

HERO KING'S TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN.

This monument will serve to perpetuate the memory of a victorious comradeship in arms consecrated by the many sacrifices and so much heroism.—*Prince of Wales, speaking in Brussels yesterday.*

Belgium will never forget the sublime sacrifices of the British soldiers—those incomparable warriors who turned the Ypres salient into an unshakable bastion of the Allied lines.—*King Albert, in his reply to the Prince of Wales.*

All Belgium—densely populated as it is—seemed packed into Brussels yesterday, mainly in the square before the Palais de Justice, when the Prince of Wales unveiled and presented the monument dedicated by Great Britain to Belgium in token of heartfelt appreciation of the treatment accorded to British prisoners and wounded.

Before performing the ceremony (says a Reuter message) the Prince, who was in the uniform of the Guards, inspected the Belgian Guard of Honour present for the occasion.

There was an instant of deep silence when, following the inspection, he crossed the road and gazing up at the memorial, pulled a cord, releasing the British and Belgian flags which formed the cover.

BAD BOYS AND BEER BOTTLES.

Head of a Gang of Thieves Sent to Reformatory.

Two nine-year-old boys were charged at Luton yesterday with stealing a purse from a woman at the annual fair.

It was stated that one of them had a bad record, being head of a gang of boys who went into the backyards of public houses, picked up empty beer bottles, and then, walking into the front of the houses, collected money on them. He was sent to a reformatory until he was sixteen years old, and his companion was placed on probation.

EERIE CURTAIN RAISER.

Good Reception for Clever On-a Drama.

Gertrude Jennings can write plays other than humorous.

The new one-act play "The Voice Outside," presented yesterday afternoon in front of "Aren't We All?" A widow, still mourning the death by drowning of her young son, is about to marry. Strange things happen in her lonely house. An outer door refuses to be closed, even though locked and bolted, and a sighing wind suddenly springs up for no apparent reason.

On the eve of her second marriage she hears the voice of her dead child, and learns that the man she is about to marry is her son's murderer. The episode is written with feeling, and the eeriness of the situation is effectively suggested.

Well acted by Herbert Marshall, Susan Cloughton and Marie Lohr, the little piece was well received.

A SECRETARY'S ACQUITTAL.

At the Old Bailey, Charles Haddon Finch (44), branch secretary of the Hackney branch of the National Union of Gas Workers, was found "Not guilty" on a charge of fraudulently converting to his own use £44 13s. 9d., and was discharged.

SCHOOLBOYS' STRIKE.

Upwards of 50 boys in the higher grades at the Christian Brothers' School, Middleton, co. Cork, went on strike, and refused to go to school owing to the Brothers' refusal to adopt summer time.

Some days ago the boys made a request to the Superior to fall into line with the general community by advancing the clock one hour, but this was refused, and the boys tendered "strike" notices.

HARRY COOK'S APPEAL.

Readers of "The People," and especially those who generously contributed to his release from Brixton Prison, will be glad to hear that the case of Harry Cook (the ex-soldier who was sent to gaol for failing to keep up industrial school payments for his son) is to come before Hendon Bench this week.

The British Legion has taken up Cook's case, and application has been made to have his payments of 10s. weekly towards his son's maintenance considerably reduced.

MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

The Welsh Guards' band will play in Green Park to-day from 3 to 5 p.m. In Hyde Park the Irish Guards' band will play during the same hours, and that of the R.A.F. from 7 to 9 p.m. The Royal Parks Band will open their season on Tuesday next, and will play daily in Hyde Park from 3 to 5 p.m. and 7 to 10 p.m. The band of the 2nd Bn. London Regt. will play in Horniman's Gardens to-day from 3.30 to 5.30 p.m. The G.P.O. Military Band will play in Victoria Park, E., to-day from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., and at Peckham Rye from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.

MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

REMARKABLE OUTBURST IN PATERNITY CASE.

Summoned at Ongar (Essex) police court yesterday, at the instance of the Ongar Guardians, with regard to three of five illegitimate children born to a woman in the Guardians' institution at Epping, a man described as Henry Savill, of Bowring, made a remarkable statement while giving evidence.

"I go by the name of Henry Savill," he said, "but that is not my real name. I don't know what that is because I am an illegitimate child myself."

"I have been living with my grandmother, but four years ago I was turned out. I then went to my mother, but she would not have me and what was I to do?"

"I am an honest man, but because of my misfortune no one will have me. We (illegitimate children) do not ask to come into the world. Why should we be treated like this?"

"If no one will own us we should be put in an institution and properly educated, so that we can be given a chance in the world."

"I have tried to get on in the world, but everyone seems to be pulling me down. I love children, but I will not keep those which do not belong to me." The Bench ordered the man to pay 5s. a week each in respect of two of the children until they reach the age of 13. Defendant left the court stating that he would sooner die than pay a penny.

RAILWAY "ADS."

AUTOMATICALLY LIT WHEN TRAINS PASS.

It would seem that the day is not far distant when fields adjoining railway lines will be transformed into vistas of light, which will surpass even the electrical wonders of Piccadilly.

Mr. Dan Walker, of Westcliff-on-Sea and of Farringdon-st., London, has patented a device by means of which, it is claimed, advertisement signs in fields and on stations may be electrically illuminated while a train is in the vicinity. The signs would operate only when trains are passing.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

The flag of Admiral Sir Sydney R. Fremantle as successor to Admiral Sir A. Gough Calcutt, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, was hoisted on the Thursday at 5 o'clock yesterday.

House to Let!—What has not been seen in Leicestershire for years is a notice at present being displayed at a house at Market Bosworth: "This House to Let."

Ice-cream stalls on Redcar sands have realised £169 for the coming season, and other receipts include £27 from amusements and £45 from a phrenology hut.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Eggs, of Llandudno, Kent, celebrated her 100th birthday yesterday. She was married in 1841, and her husband died in 1916 at the age of 96.

Woman Pastor.—At Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, Miss Annie Ludwig, of Bruton Ferry, near Swansea, was ordained pastor of the Eglwys Brycheiniog Chapel.

Memorial Hospital.—The Gosport War Memorial Hospital, which is also a memorial of the Portsmouth Division R.M.L.I., was opened yesterday by Major-General Sir John Davidson, M.P.

Tripped over Rope.—Tripping over a rope with which boys were playing, Thomas Low (48), of Goodman's-ct., Poplar, E., fractured his thigh and died from shock.

Killed by Express.—Walter Allen (30), playboy of Leyland, Lancs., was working on the main railway line between Leyland and Farington yesterday, when he was knocked down and killed by a London-Glasgow express.

Mill Wheel's Young Victim.—Whilst playing near a mill wheel at Craythorn, North, yesterday, Gen. Richards (12), was drawn into the shafting. His arm was torn off and he was otherwise terribly injured. He died almost immediately.

Betting by Children.—George Herbert Gardner (24), butcher, of Preston, was yesterday fined £25 and 5 guineas costs for using a warehouse for the purpose of betting. Amongst his clients, according to the evidence, were two little boys and two little girls.

Uninjured After Fall.—Several men engaged in external repairs to the Hon. Aubrey Herbert's residence at Dulverton (Somerset) fell through the top scaffolding giving way. Two men fell on scaffolding below, and a third fell 30 ft. to the ground, but sustained no injury.

Houses Hewn out of Rock.—Application is being made to local authorities in the West Midlands for financial support for the upkeep of Kinver Edge, a popular holiday resort near Dudley. Visitors go from all parts to the dwelling houses hewn out of the solid rock.

CURATE AS CHEF.

At an entertainment given by the Hornchurch (Essex) Boy Scouts to 24 local gentlemen, a six-course dinner was provided which had been cooked under the personal supervision of the Rev. F. Shippam, the local curate and scoutmaster. The scouts acted as waiters.

MYSTERY OF LOST LINER SOLVED.

GRIM FOG DRAMA.

SURVIVORS' ORDEAL ON TROPICAL SEA.

Conjectures as to the fate of the passengers of the Portuguese liner the Mossamedes, found mysteriously abandoned off the West Coast of Africa, are set at rest by the news received yesterday that the majority had been rescued, after days of suffering in open boats, by French and Portuguese warships.

Of the survivors 110 were landed at Mossamedes by the Portuguese gunboat Salvador Correia (says a Reuter message from Cape Town), while a further 84 are understood to have been put ashore at Port Alexander.

The French gunboat Cassiope picked up a boat containing 33 persons, and is now on its way to Mossamedes.

RAGING SEA.

According to the chief officer of the lost liner, the vessel struck the rocks during a thick early morning fog, and was badly battered by the rough sea running.

The passengers, roused from their sleep by the appalling and repeated crash of the ship on the rocks, as the heavy seas buried her still further in, rushed on deck, and for a few moments something like panic prevailed.

This quickly subsided, however, and everybody joined in the work of getting out the life-boats.

Three of the boats were successfully launched, but the tackle of the fourth gave way, and the occupants were thrown into the water.

Chief Officer Paulino sprang into the sea from the deck of the vessel, and actually succeeded in rescuing 13 lives, while seven were drowned.

The boats all set out on a northerly course, but became separated owing to the strong wind.

Many of the survivors are still suffering from exposure to intense heat of the tropical sun by day and the bitter cold of the nights.

One boat, containing it is believed, 24 persons, is still missing, and an active search is being prosecuted by gunboats.

SCALDED MOTOR CYCLIST.

Robert Holt, aged 23, of West Field, Winchester, is lying in Westminster Hospital in a serious condition as the result of a collision between his motorcycle and a motor-lorry on the Thames Embankment yesterday.

He was pinned beneath the lorry, and, in addition to other injuries, was badly scalded by hot water from the radiator.

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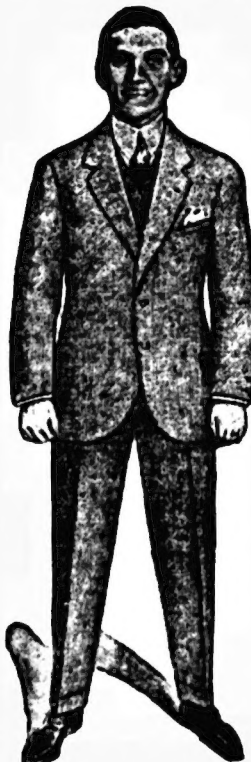
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